GIFFORD.

I. THE CLOSED STUDIO, This was a magician's ceil:
Beauty's self obeyed his spell!
When the air was gloom without,
Grace and Color played about
Youder casel. Many a sprite,
Golden-winged with heaven's light,
Let the upper skies go drear,
Spreading his rare plumage here. Skyward now,-alas the day !-See the truant Ariels play! Clend and air with light they fill, Wandering at idle will. Nor (with half their tasks undone) Stay to mourme the master gone. Only in this hollow room, Now, the stiliness and the gloom.

H. OF WINTER NIGHTS. When the long nights return, and find us met where he was wont to meet us, and the flame On the deep hearth-stone gladdens as of old, And there is cheer, as ever in that place, How shall our utmost nearing close the gap Known, but till then scarce measured? Or what bent

light
Of cheer for us, his gracious presence gone,
His speech delayed, till none shall fail to miss
That halting voice, yet sure, speaking, it seemer
The one apt worif. For well the painter knew
Art's alchemy and law; her noblenees
Was in his soul, her wisdom in his speech,
And loyalty was housed in that true heart,
and visiding not one whit And loyally was housed in that true heart, Gentle yet strong, and yielding not one whit Of right or purpose. Now, not more alar The light of last year's Yule-fire than the smile

A MESMERIC EXPERIMENT.

Thirty Christmas nights have come and gene since that one, so memorable in my life, and yet sitting here in my solitary reom, a grav-haired lonely woman, the whole scene rises as vividly before me as though it had occurred but yesterday. I can see the comfortably but plainly furnished. low-ceiled, old-fashioned room, with its dark wainscoted walls, and its dim corners, that the feeble light of a couple of composite candles could searcely reach; I can see the half circle of faces gathered round the hearth, looking glowing and pleasant in the ruddy glare of the firelight-all except one, that of a man who sat in the corner oppo-

I could not keep my eyes off that face, which had for me the fuscination of ugliness; as the lights and snadows made by the flickering flame touched the snock of bristly have that half concealed the low, narrow forehead, the cavernous eyes, sunken cheeks, and huge month, half open with a cynical mile, that showed the task-like teeth, I could compare it only with a shifting series of gargoyles from

We were all members of the company of the Theatte Royal X-, and, it being a non-play night, we were assembled at the lodgings of one of our mbers, a lady, to do honor to her birthday. Our usual theme, the affairs of the theatre, past, present, and future, being exhausted, the conversation, I cannot remember how, had turned upon mesmerism and clairvoyance, and I was stoutly declaring my atter disbelief in either, my scepticism being greatly intensified by the circumstance that Tony Arnold the man I have just described, and who was one of the low comedians of our company-took the opposite side. There had always been an antagonism between us, and, although I had no actual cause for such a feeling, a positive dislike upon my part, which I believe was pretty strongly recipro-

Although I was scarcely twenty at the time, I was what people would have called rather a strong-minded girl, with opinions of my own that I never shrank from asserting, with an obstinacy that no argument could overcome; and on this night, excited by a spirit of defiance to my vis-a-vis, I expressed them with a bigotry and contempt that were anything but polite to those who differed

By your positiveness, Miss Grace,' sneered Arnold, 'I presume you have had a very large experience of the trickeries of mesmerists."

Oh, indeed I have not,' I replied sharply, ' I was never at any exhibition of the kind in my life, and never intend to be. I should not have patience even to witness such a transparent imposture.'

Suppose,' he said, and there was a gleam in his eyes which indicated rising temper- suppose 1 could give you ocular demonstration that you are wrong, by placing some one in this room under mesmeric influence; I have done the thing often. If I did this before your own eyes, when you would be

would you believe it then f' 'I don't know that I should,' I answered doggedly. 'If you have such a power,' I added with a contemptuous smile, 'why don't you try it upon

think he dreamed of my taking up his challenge. He regarded me for some seconds with a doubtful, wavering glance, which I met defiantly and mock-

.I would prefer any one else in the room, he answered hesitatingly.

Of course you would,' I replied with a malicious laugh; 'I am not a good subject; the mystic influence is powerless over disbelievers. Oh, I know all the jargen "

And I cast a triumphant glance round the company, who were exceedingly amused at our discus-

Arnold turned alternately white and red with rage and mortification.

'It is not that,' he answered quickly, then paused, but, evidently stung by my contemptuous laugh, he added instantly, 'Very well, be it so, since you desire it.'

The prospect of having the discussion so summarily tested and adjudged created an immense excitement, and I could feel my own cheeks burning, and my pulse galloping at fever beat as Arno'd proceeded to make preparations for the ex-

of which I had heard and read, but I soon perceived that his method was going to be entirely different. He began by placing two chairs exactly quested me to be seated; then he draped a large black cloak round me, so that only my face rose above t; then a lamp, borrowed from the landlady of the house, was get in such a position that the light should feens upon my face; after which he took the chair opposite to mine, and desired me to fix my eyes firmly upon his, and not remove them for a

I followed his instructions-and the next momen I was staring intently into a pair of greenish brown orbs that I could feel did not meet minwith equal steadiness. There was a profound silence, broken only by a little suppressed giggle from the females, and an occasional low whisper

We had been thus only a few seconds when Arnold sprang up exclaiming: 'It's no use, I can-

A shout of laughter hailed this confession of defeat, and throwing off my drapery I jumped up and

joined heartaly in the chorus. Arnold was white as death and extremely agi tated. He made no reply to the volleys of 'chaff' that assailed him on all sides, but again turning to me, said in a tone of intense earnestness: 'I cannot besinerize you, but you can me: those strong, steel

gray eyes of yours, with their metallic lustre, are fat more potent than mine. Come, will you try ?' I did not need the incitement of hand-clapping and the chorus of 'Ch, do!' that greeted the proposition, to promptly consent. I began to be fleeply interested in the experiment, and now that I was myself accredited with possessing this occult

power my scepticism began to waver. But before we go any further,' he said, 'I must make one condition-and that is, that should I fall into a comatose state, you will not put to me any question of a private nature-as I shall be compelled to answer truthfully, literally, whatever

it may be I promised faithfully not to do so. The previous disposition was now reversed, the lame was set so that the light should snine upon my | felt that a crisis was come

face, and Arnuld was enveloped in the cloak, as 1

And now, with all the nerve power I possessed, I tastened my eyes upon Arnold's. White and ghastly looked his face rising out of the blackness of the drapery, which gave it almost the appearance of being divided from the body and suspended in space. The lips were wide apart, and the nish eyes were dilated to their utmost extent, with a strained fascinated look, such as they might have worn under the influence of a rattlesnake. I could scarcely suppress a shiver at this uncanny-looking picture; but a wild spirit took possession of me that night which soon swept away all such compunctious visitings of nature.' Everybody seemed to be thoroughly impressed by the weirdness of the situation: there was no giggling, no whispering, all was silent as death. After about a minute my eyes grew rigid in their intense stare, until it seemed to me that I no longer had the power to move or close them, or even wink a lid; gradually I could feel the pupils dilate, until they so med to become two huge discs glowing with a lambent and metallic fire. I could see that every nerve of the white face was quivering, the ing was short and labored, and a duil, stony giare came into the starting evehalls, a far away trauce like look, that told me consciousness was gone, and that the very soul of the man had passed over to my keeping. And I felt a cold, cruel, hard triumph in this, a desire to strain my mastery to the utmost. I rose from my seat, slowly moved backward, and imperiously beckoned him never re laxing my fixed stare, which seemed to scintillate and flash. As I rose he rose, clutching the edge of the table to guide his trembling steps. Slowly I meved, he following, seemingly impelled by an involuntary but resistless impulse. I stopped sud-

What is your name? I asked imperatively.

In a forced, hollow voice he gave one, that 1 afterward discovered was his family name, Arnold being only a theatrical sobriquet. At this one of the gentlemen broke in, protesting

No, no; that is against the bargain-no ques-

'It is time to put an end to it; I don't like it.' said another. 'Oh! yes,' added a lady, 'It is too horrible,'

The interruption seemed to exorcise the fiend that possessed me, and call me back to myself; with an effort I wrenched my gaze from that ghastly face. As I did so Arnold, as though he had been only upheld by my eyes, fell upon the floor in strong convulsions.

the evening; for although after a copious outward application of cold water, and a judicious inward one of neat brandy he soon recovered and tried to laugh off his illness, it left a creepy, disagreeable depression upon all, which no amount of hot spirits and water and forced jollity could succeed in dis-

As it may be supposed, the effect was strongest upon me, and it chiefly took the form of intense annovance at the part I had played; I would have given anything to have recalled the past few minutes. After Arnold's recovery, by a tacit understanding, no one made any reference to his strange illness, indeed all seemed desirous for a time of putting it out of their thoughts-and none so much as the principal actor in it, who laughed and jested in a fever-sh manner and never allowed the conversation to flag for a single moment, as though he feared the subject might crop up again.

Everybody, however, was eagerly discussing the singular event the next morning at rehearsal. I avoided the gossiping groups, for the remembrance of the scene was a horror to me; so did Arnold, whom I studiously attempted to avoid, but he took an exactly opposite course, following me wherever I went, trying to engage me in conversation, and to catch my eye, as though some of the fascination of the previous night still surrounded me.

After a rather late dinner, for the rehearsal was very long, I was dozing in my chair when there came a soft tap at the door, and to my sleepy come in 'there appeared upon the threshold the tall, gaunt figure of the man whom of all others I least desired to see. It gave me quite a shock. It was the first time he had ever called at my lodg-

take a seat and draw near the fire, as the weather was cold. In a vague, listless manner he placed a chair in such a position that it exactly faced mine, dropped into it without a word, and tried to fix my eyes. I immediately shifted them and gazed into the tire.

He made no attempt to account for this visit; he talked very little, and in an absent manper-that about the business of the theatre. I felt very embarrassed by his presence, and presently rose and rang for tea. What could I do but ask him to remain, and take it with me? He said 'Thank you. and kept his seat. I felt quite terrified by the change that had come over him -from a noisy, jesting, rollicking kind of fellow, who had always a gibe for me, to this silent, subdued man, with those dreadful eyes ever yearningly seeking mine. At length he went away, and never in my life

did I teel so thankful for anybody's departure. But he came the next day about the same time. and acted in just the same manner, until the lights were brought in; then all at once he rose from his chair, crossed over to where I was sitting, and laying his hand upon my arm, said, in a boarse

whisper: 'Mesmerize me!' 1 started back and answered shudderingly: 'Not for worlds?

You must,' he answered passionately. And somehow or other, I cannot tell how, a rew minutes afterward we were sitting ris-a-ris staring into each other's eyes. In less than a minute there was in his the dull stony vagueness of insensi-

I covered my face with my hands, but withdrew them, as I heard something fall heavily upon the door, to see him huddled at my feet in convulsions. the froth bubbling upon his lips.

I did not call for assistance; luckily I had some water and some brandy in the room. I knelt down and copiously bathed his head and face, and then with some difficulty forced a little of the spirit between his elenched teeth.

When he recovered I nearly tainted myself; but rallying by an effort, I told him very positively

that he must not come any more. 'I cannot stay away: I must come,' was his answer. And again the dilated eyes began to wander

cravingly in search of mine. I cannot describe the horror I felt at these visits. and at length I begged a lady friend I had in the theatre to come and stay with me. The following afternoon he strolled in as usual, but finding I had a companion he looked very annoyed, and remained

onty a few minutes. Several days passed and I met him only in business. His manner was sullen, almost rude to me, at which I was much relieved, for I now began to entertain hopes that he would persecute me no more. The charge that had come over him was a constant subject of green-room comment; he had always been extremely thin, now he seemed to waste day by day, like a man consumed by an inward fire; his cheeks were sunk in deeper hollows, and there were black rims round his eyes.

After a few days my friend returned to her own lodgings. The next afternoon, at the usual hour, Arnold came as before.

As soon as the lights were brought in he again besought me to mesmerize him. I firmly refused: but I could not rest my eyes upon him for a moment without his face beginning to quiver and his pupils to dilate, and the very teeling that I must not look at him made the desire almost unconquerable. Matters went on thus for upward of a week.

But surely, it will be said, you could have de vised some means of keeping him away; you might have requested your landlady to refuse him admittance. Truly, I could have done so, butwell, I must confess it even in my own defence-Arnold had begun to throw a strange glamour over me; I dreaded his coming, yet I experienced a vague yearning when he was absent. I had fallen myself within the meshes of the spell I had unconsciously

cast upon him. One afternoon he arrived rather earlier than usual; there was certainly some occult sympathy between us, for the moment he entered the room I

He was in very weak health, and he sank down | not return. Then his friend, who had remained nn a chair looking pale and exhausted, and wiped the damps from his forehead, while his breathing was very labored; and there was a feverish glitter in the restiess eyes and a red spot in each hollow

'How very ill you look,' I said pityingly; 'let me give you a glass of wine.'

No. I want nothing,' he said in a gasping tone there's quite fire enough within me now; I am being slowly burned up.' 'Have you seen a doctor !' I asked, growing very

nervous. 'A doctor,' he echoed with a mocking laugh. 'Oh, yes, I have seen a doctor, but he can do me no

good. It is you who are killing me.' '1" I answered faintly. 'Yes,' he answered; 'since the night you tore the

heart and soul out of my body I cannot live without you, and I won't.' I was very much terrified by his wild, excited

looks, but replied with a great show of firmness: You talk nonsense, Arnold; why, you are married already. I did not know at the moment whether it was

really so, but there was a vague impression among the company that such was the case, and it upon that authority only that I spoke.

How did you know that-you questioned me when I was under your influence?' he retorted

sharply. 'I did not, but I find it is true. And under such circumstances, how dare you address me in such terms? I exclaimed growing very indignant, perhaps more in seeming than in reality.

'Yes,' he replied dejectedly, 'I am married to a woman I hate, to a woman I left at the church door. I was forced into it by my friends-never mind why that would not interest you.' He paused for a moment, then laying his trem

bling fingers upon my arm, he added : 'Alice,' he had come to call me by my Christian name, if anything were to happen to her-if she were to die would you be my wife ?"

I started away from him, exclaiming: 'Don't talk like that, it is too horrible?

But he followed me, and again grasped my arm, and said: 'Alice, I told you just now that I cannot live without you, and that I will not, and I swear before God that if you do not give me this promise, when I leave this house I will throw myself over the bridge into the river-I swear it?"

Men-and wemen, too-say these things in moments of strong passion without keeping their words; but I knew that he would keep his, the mysterious sympathy that had been created be tween us told me so, told me that if he left me with that thought in his heart, he would not be a living man within the next hour.

It was nearly dark, just between the lights, and his face gleamed out of the shadows white and terrible, and then I thought how it would look when it was drawn out of the water with the long dank hair clinging about it.

'It is not much to ask of you,' he went on pleadingly. 'Why, she may outlive us both; more than likely : there is nothing shocking in it-she is nothing to me, never has been, only the mockery of a ceremony links us."

. But what is the use of such a pledge, what satis faction can it be to you?' I said, still with my face covered, for I dreaded to meet his eyes.

'I don't know,' he answered, 'it would give me a sort of hope that I can't live without, that I won't live without.'

consider it was very wicked of me to do so. I think so myself. But I thought it was almost impossible that I should be ever called upon to fulfil it, and how could I hesitate when a man's life seemed to

The following merning, as I was scated at breakfast, I caught sight of Arnold's dark figure passing my parlor window, and the next moment I heard his now well-known knock at the street door. I put down the cup of coffee that I had raised half-way to my lips, while an unaccountable dread stole over

One glance at his countenance as he entered the room told me that something had happened. He did not look at me, nor even exchange a greeking, as he

laid down his hat and took a chair. 'I have strange news to tell you, Alice,' he said a a voice thick and indistinct with agitation.

· For God's sake don't tell me that-I could not complete the utterance of my fears, my voice died away in my throat, and with parted lips and rigid eyes I could only await the explana-

tion. etter, which he rose and offered me. It had a

deep black border. I shrank back; I would not touch it; I knew its

You knew what was going to happen-you have ruelly entrapped me,' I exclaimed bitterly.

He threw himself upon his knees at my feet. swear most solemnly,' he eried, 'I did not. It was very sudden, the letter will tell you so; heart disease-her friends had scarcely a moment's warning. There was that in his tone I could not disbelieve,

and when, after a while, I brought myself to read the fatal letter, I found his assertions were there fully confirmed.

'This makes it all the more horrible,' I cried, 'for I now feel as though I were in some way the cause of her death."

I implored him to release me from my promise, as nothing good could come of a marriage contracted under such auspices. But he only repeated the old words: 'I cannot live without you, and I won't?' My friend, who could perceive how ill-assorted we were, did all in her power to persuade me to break

with him. Leave the company,' she said, ' give no notice of your intention and go home, or take another engagement under another name." But I felt that I could not break a vow so

olemnly made, and which fate, whether for good or evil had so suddenly called upon me to fulfil. No. I am wrong: I did not love him, it was only

a glamour-whether the result of supernatural influence or mere superstition I cannot pretend to say it was a mixture of dread, repulsion, and fasci-

That day two months was our wedding-day. I had striven hard to postpone it to a much later date, but he would not give me a moment's peaco until I consented. She was my wife only in name,' he kept orging, ' so what need is there of

Although the strange manner of our wooing was unknown to everybody, save the friend I have be-fore mentioned, it was impossible for the company not to see how matters stood between us. But somehow we had drifted away from the rest, and now kept aloof from them, and only an occasional hint, or innuendo, or sly look told us of their observation. I know we were the constant theme of conversation and wonderment, but I do not think that any one ever dreamed it would be a match.

And we were both equally desirous of keeping our approaching marriage a profound secret. My friend, and one of the actors whom Arnold had al most sworn to secresy, were to be the only witnesses, so that when on that bright March morning we entered the quiet suburban church, only a few strange loiterers were there. We were dressed in our ordinary costume, and no one who had met us would have suspected our purpose.

When he passed the ring over my finger, his and was like ice, so were his lips that just touched nine at the end of the ceremony, and I saw no joy in the livid face that was expressionless as though carved in stone.

We walked back from the church to my lodgings. where we were to be domiciled for the present. He scarcely spoke the whole way. He left me at the door, saying that he was obliged to go some where, but that he would return in time for cinner, which was arranged for 3 o'clock.

I ran upstairs to my bedroom, my heart ready to burst with mertification, and had a good cry. My friend did all she could to console me, and to put cheerful face upon matters, and atter a while rallied a little, and went downstairs and sat down to the piano and played and sang to pass away the

with us, said he would go in search of him. In about half an hour he came back, bringing Arnold with him. He afterward told me that he had found him playing cards, and recklessly treat ing everybody who entered the room at a tavern used by the actors. I always possessed a great deal

of self-centrol, and I kept myself quite tranqu'l. It had been arranged that we should sup at my friend's lodgings, and thither, after the perform ance, for we played that night, we went. There were only four of us-the four present at the ceremony. Arnold was dull and sullen, and at times seemed scarcely conscious of where he was, for when addressed, he would start and look vacantly about him, like one suddenly aroused from a doze.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning before we turned our faces homeward. Silently he pursued his way: and I was too proud to speak. But, oh, the agony, the shame, the humiliation I endured that When we arrived at our lodgings, the fire was out. It was a very chilly night, and he complained of being cold, and said he should rekindle it. While he went away seeking some wood in the kitchen I ran upstairs to my room, and went to bed. At last my aching, swollen eyes closed, and I feil

When I awoke the cold gray dawn of the spring morning was just stealing across the darkness of my room. I awoke with a start, and sat belt upright, with a sense of ineffable horror. Had I been dreaming ! I could not remember. Yet there was upon me all the terror which is left by some ghastly

I leaped out of bed, huddled on a dressing-gow and with bare feet hurried down the stairs. It was an impulse, nothing more, for I had no thought in what I was doing. I opened the parlor door and looked in. All was dark and stlent.

'He has gone to sleep upon the sofa,' was my re flection. My woman's pride prompted me to return to my chamber, but some other feeling held me rooted to the spot. The chinks of the shutters were pencilled with faint lines of light. 1 crossed the room, unbarred and threw them open, and looked up at the sky. The waning moon was high in the heavens, over which a faint roseate flush was just stealing, and a wild chorus of birds in the trees close by alone broke the deep stillness of the early morning.

I stood gazing upon the picture for some seconds not because I felt its beauty but because I dared

not turn my head. When, after a time, I summoned up resolution to do so, it was slowly, and by degrees. First my eyes fell upon the sofa; that was empty; then they travelled towards the hearth. The fire had burned into a great hollow, gray and brown within, black above. I could see only a portion of the grate, as an easy-chair was drawn in front of it. There was something in the chair, something folling side ways: and there was a coat-sleeve with a han dangling across one arm. I could feel my hair br stle and my heart stand still as I crept up to it and saw a huddled heap of clothing, in which was

half buried a livie, hair-strewn face. It was my busband-dead.

Nore .- This story is not only founded ! upo facts, but the events happened almost exactly as they are related here .- [Temple Bar.

A PAIR OF GLOVES.

My love of loves—my May In rippling shadows lying, Was sleeping mid the hay— My love of loves—my May! The ardent sun was trying To kiss her dreams away ! My love of loves—my May, In rippling shadows lying!

I knelt and kis-ed her lips, Sweeter than any flower The bee for honey sips! I knelt and kissed her lips,-Awoke from sleep's eclipse, I kn-it and kissed her lips Sweeter than any flower!

The pair of gloves I won, My darling pays in kisses! Long may the sweet debt run-The pair of gloves I won! Till death our love dismisses
This feud will ne'er be done—
The pair of gloves I won,
My darling pays in k sses!

HOW FAMOUS WRITERS WORK.

From a Parisian Paper. M. Alexandre Dumas has fled from Paris to the Salueure, so that he may write in quiet These details are already kn

These details are already known. I recall them in my surprise that an author so Paristan, so bold, so fond of railiery and so observing should flee from his models, and seek to write amid the silence and the poetry of the country, such positive, aggressive and lively works as bear his name.

It is curious to recall the manner in which "The Great" seek inspiration, and how they work.

M. Alexandre Dumas, fils, is a morning worker; the dawn finds him already up. He salutes her with a gental countenance. His habitual good humor proves that his health and his mental faculting.

M. Alexandre the dawn finds him aircas, the dawn finds him aircas, with a genial countenance. His habitual with a genial countenance, this mental faculting are in complete equilibrium. He is hungry important ties are in complete equilibrium. He is hungry important ties are in complete equilibrium. He is hungry important ties are in complete equilibrium. He is hand writes until the dawn finds and writes until the dawn finds him aircas, the dawn finds him aircas, this habitual with a genial countenance. His habitual with a genial countenance, the second se

mediately on rising and attacks a good blate of soup with the eagerness of a rush. After that he scats himself before a large secretary and writes into home-in negligent dress as you may well suppose. M. le Comte de Buffon, before entering his study always put on his court dress, did not forget his sword and did not deign except in lace cuffs to occupy hinself with the humble a limits whose history he was writing.

There are lew coats more threadbare than these of the master of all. I have named M Victor Hugo. M. Hugo is also an early riser, but he does not live on soup. Before noon he lives only on his thoughts. He writes a great deal, and his heart is in the work. In his long walks he prepares the work of the morrow, and as his memory is productors he has only to has often related to his friences that in his youth, he

BARON BEITING RICASOLI.

From The London Standard. The men who labored to "make" Italy, as Fan-fulla remarks, are disappearing, and those remain on the scene who are laboring to annuake her. Vic-tor Emmanuel, Cavour, Farmi, La Marmorta have "bined the majority," Ricason and Garibaldi remaned. The latter now is the only survivor, and, large as was his bar, in the "making" of Italy, he must be considered now, alas! as belonging to Fan-fulle's second category—those who are laboring to

must be considered now, and a seconding to Pahfulla's second category—these who are laboring to
unmake her.

Ricasol, unlike the majority—almost the totality
—of the Tuscan aristocracy, was the descendant,
not of a line of urban and commercial nobles, but
of a territorial patrician race, the noblity of
which dates from a period antecedent even
to the oldest of the well-known names
of the founders of the Florentine Republic. There
is little doubt that his family was one of those
which came noto Italy with the German Emperor;
and it can be proved by documentary evidence that
it has borne the title of Baron for more than nine
hundred years. "It fiero baronne" was the good
humored sobriquet by which he was called in the
political circles of later years. And no doubt the
epithet, in its sense of proud or haughty, described
with a certain degree of justice the character of the
man. He was by no means a man of the
ordinary Florentine type—casy, debonar, tinetured to the marrow of their bones with the influences and allures of their democratic origin.
Ricasoli was an aristocrat in feeling and in manners. And the observation reminds one that, in
fact, he was not a Florentine at all by race; but a act, he was not a Florentine at all by race; but a Sienese-a very markedly more aristocratic stock even to the present day, in all its social prejudices

Siena, in the centre of Chianti district, so celebrated for the wine to the perfection of which the Baron Bettino gave so large a portion of his care and thoughts during the latterportion of his care and thoughts during the latterportion of his life.

The Casile of Broho is one of the very few ancient feudal residences still inhabited in Tuscany. As seen from a distance it makes a very imposing appearance on the summit of its hill. But when it is closely approached, it is seen that the very large and massive buildings which in their grey time-colored bulk have made so striking an appearance, consist only of the substructures, vast cellars—or what are at the present day used as such—stabling, the supporting walls of great terraces, and the like, if he comparatively modern residence, which rises on the top of these huge constructions, seems little in accordance with them, and, though comprising everything needed for a noble mansion, answers but very imperfectly to the idea given to an Englisman by the term castle.

It has been said, and widely believed, that Ricasoli had become a Protestant. There never was any foundation for the report. He always attended mass in the castle chapal at Broho, and at the Church of St. Pancragio when he was at Roue, every Sunday with the numost punctuality.

The body of the late Baron still hes in the chapel at Broho, it being still uncertain where the burnal will take place, but probably in the family vault at

at Brollo, it being still uncertain where the burial will take place, but probably in the family vault at Brollo. The President of the Chamber, Farini, has intimated his intention of being present wherever and whenever the ceremony may take place.

UGLY ERASAUS DARWIN.

From the candid admissions of his friends and associates, it may be gathered that it was the philosopher more than the man who was admission of his friends and the matter plainty, he was an ngly timed, and his manners were clownish in the extreme, and his manners were clownish in the extreme, and his manners being a large man, fat, and rather clumey." He was the pattern with the smallpox, and in the pattern with the have possessed a coarse and heavy face with the markably clumsy features, a nose of the thick Hebrew type, and a mouth of peculiarly bitter and sarcastic expression. The month was indeed the index to Darwin's character. He was sneering, sarcastic and sceptical in no common degree. Anna Seward especially remarks, to that inverted style of which she was so fond a strenge was his scepticism to human trath. In that inverted style of which she was so fond a strenge was his scepticism to human trath. The pattern of the concerning the sarcastic wit, but it cannot be said that the spicimens of his conversational powers which the modern teader very favorably. Thus, or example, his friend Mr. Robinson, the example, his friend Mr. Robinson, the robins of the conversation with him "thrown the bride upon the celever hellow." On another occasion the neck of his faney, and it was scampering which we are to understand that he was calment? by which we are to understand that he was talking blasphemy, upon which Darwin exclaimed; "Excellent Mr. Robinson is not only a clever fellow," On the conversation of the pattern of the same "the pattern of the pattern of animate duries and to season wit. Darwin's temark, which appears to have excited creat admiration among bis friends, was: "Christ says swear not at all; St. Paul tells us we may swear occasionally; Mr. Robinson advises us to swear incessantly. Let us compromise be time the sec

good luncheon was put on board, tygether with an abundant supply of wine, and Darwin took his fair share of both. Just before the boat reached Nottingham, he quietly dropped from it and swam to the shore. His friends hurried on to the town, where they found him in the market place, mak-ing a speech to the crowd on the importance of ventilation. The local apothecary urged him to go to his house and provide himself with dry clothes; but to this invitation he turned a deaf ear, assign-age for his geographicalities the highly philosophical but to this invitation be turned a deaf ear, assigning for his eccentricities the highly philosophical reason that the internal heat caused by the wine he had taken, would amply suffice to counteract the cold caused by the external application of water. It is only fair to aid, however, that this story rests mainly upon the statement of Miss Seward, whose veracity is anything but unimpeachable. Mr. Charles Darwin says, on the authority of one of his stepsons, that this half-tipsy freak was the result of a trick played upon him by some gentleman of the party.

alon by some gentleman of the party.

In his family relations, Darwin appears to have been not wholly unamiable, though it was perhaps hardly to be expected that so eminently philosophical a personage should find much room for commonplace affections in that portion of his matony which he was pleased to call his heart, its circleren by his first wife had been educated and launched upon the world, the high reputation which he empoyed serving as an excellent introduction to their professional career. Their father's But though this tale is utterly unfounded, Mr Charles Darwin is forced in his somewhat lancatory skelch of his grandfather's life, to admit that his own father, Dr. Robert Darwin, had been treated by him "somewnat harshly and imperiously, and not alwas justiv."

RECAMIER AT FORTY.

Anne Hampton Brewster in The Boston Advertiser.

Anne Hampion Irreceive in the Bosini Agerriser.

Baron Visconti gave me a droil account once how
the rel-brated belie looked in hed. When the
venerable archælogist was a young man the famous
heanty visited Rome. She was then about forty,
or probably more—that is, if a beauty can ever be
forty. When he called one morning, soon after her
arrival, he was told that midiane was was peu
souffrante, and in bed. As young Visconti was handing his card to the maid, Madame Recamier's nices
stepped hurriedly forward, and said, "Ob, pray,
come in. By annt is not very well, it is true, but stepped hurriedly forward, and said, "Oh, pray, come in. My anot is not very well, it is true, but she is receiving." Visconti was shown into a room where lay the handsome woman in bed to be sure, but sitting up, with cushions behind her, and dressed in a most travishing toilet to the waist, which displayed—not hid—her charms to the greatest advantage. The harmonious and becoming hies of the sits bed-hangings and covers, the transparent muslins and cob-web like laces or the cap and costame, and above all the softrays of a perfumed lamp, which fell in the most skilful manner, so as to show the great beauty in the best light; the delicious odors, the soft atmosphere of the rooms, were ravishing, irresistible. She seemed in perfect health, her coor was that of the earliest youth, and she was in the gayest spirits.

gayest spirits.

The young man hardly knew whether he was on his head ordins teels, but had the presence of mind, or gallantry, as all Italians have, to behave comme if fant. He sprang forward, took the beauty's lovely if fast. He sprang forward, took the beauty's lovely little hand, which she extended to him, fell on his knees, and hissed rapturously the pretty wrist, from which the sort laces fell back, disclosing a bewildering sight of the beautiful arm above the round elbow. His arder received an affectionate little tap of gentle reproof, and he was shown to his seaf, which, as he was the last comer, was near the head of the bed, at the end of the ruelle, the broad space between the bed and wall, where a row of chairs was placed. On these chairs the guests sat and for every new On these chairs the guests sat and for every new visitor the rest moved down to make way for him-for the visitors were all of "the masculine perfor the visitors were all of the maschine per-suasion." "The conversation," said the sprituel baron, "was of the gayest nature—even a little more than gay. Sometimes the beautiful Recamier was so convulsed with laughter, that she almost fell out of the bed. Compliments of the most personal and adoring character were received with great favor, so I took that role with all the fervor of a passionate young man. I went away a wiser and a happier youth than I entered, and as the lovely creature in vited me earnestly to repeat my visit any and every morning, you may well believe I never missed one of her fascinating, bewildering leeks as grande tense." Ah, indeed! comme nous avons change tous "cela!" said the baron with a happy sigh.

THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME.

When the ways are heavy with mire and rut, In November fogs, in December snows, When the North Wind howls, and the doors are

shut.—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a seent from the whitethora blows,
And the jumine-stars to the lattice climb,
And a resalind-face to the casement shows.
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme! When the brain gets as dry as an emuty nut, When the reason stands on its squarest toes, When the mind (like a beard) has a "formal cut,"—There is place and enough for the pains of prose; But whenever the May-Blood stirs and glows, And the young year draws to the "golden prime," And Sir Romeo streks in his ear a rose.—Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing thyme!

In a theme where the thoughts have a pendantstrut,
In a changing quarrel of "Ayes" and "Noes,"
In a changing quarrel of "Ayes" and "But,"—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a soft glance softer grows,
And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,
And the secret is told "that no one knows,"—
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

ENVOY.

In the work-a-day world—for its needs and woes, There is place and enough for the pains of prose; But whenever the May bells clash and chime, Then bey!—for the ripple of laughing hyme! AUSTIN DOBSON

ANECDOTES OF SALVINI.

From The Theatre.

Tommaso Salvini is of Milanese parentage, and was born in the Lombard capital on January 1, 1830. His father, as I have already sind, was an able actor, and his mother a popular actress named Guztielmina Zocchi. When quite a boy he showed a rare talent for acting, and performed in certain plays given during the Easter holidays, in the school where he was educated, with such rare ability that his father determined to devote him to the stage. For this purpose he placed him under the tuition of the great Medena, who conceived much affection for him. The training received thus early from such able bands soon bere fruits, and before he was thirteen Salvini bad already won a kind of renown in juvenile characters. At fifteen early from such able hands soon offer fruits, and before he was thirteen Salvini had already won a kind of renown in juvenile characters. At fifteen he lost both his parents, and the bereavement so preyed upon his spirits that he was obliged to abandon his career for two years, and returned once more under the tuition of Modena. When he again emerged from retirement he joined the listori troupe, and shared with that great actress many attnumph. In 1849 Salvini entered the army of Italian independence, and fought valuantly for the defense of his country, receiving in recognition of his services several medals of honor. Peace being proclaimed, he again appeared upon the stage. He placed in "The Edipo" of Nicolim—a tracedy written expressly for him, and achieved a great success. Next he appeared in Atheri's "Saul," and then all Italy declared that Modena's mantle had fallen on worthy shoulders. His fame was now prodigious, and wherever he went he was received with boundless enthusiasm.

wherever he went he was received with boundless entiussasm.

I know of nothing more remarkable than the difference which exists between the Salvini of the stage and the Salvini of private life; the one so imposing, impetuous and fiery; the other so gentle, urbane and even retiring. He is a gentleman possessing the manners of the good old school—courtly and somewhat ceremonious, reminding one of those Italian nobles of the sixteenth century of whom we read in the novels of Giraldo Curthio and Florentino—nomini ilbusti, e di civil costumi. His greeting is cordial and his conversation delightful, full of anecdote, and marked with enthusiasm for his art. When I first became acquainted with him I was of opinion that his interpretation of Hanlet was based only upon the translated text; but, in the course of a very long conversation on the subject, I discovered that he was well acquainted (through literal translations) not only with the text, but also with the notes and comments of our leading critics. In speeking of the part in which he is altogether unrivalled, he said; "I am of opinion that Shakespeare intended Othello to be a Moor of Barbary or some other part of Northern Africa, of whom there were many in Italy during the sixteenth century. I have met several, and think I limitate their ways and manners pretty well. You are aware, however, that the historical Othello was not a black at all. He was a white man, and a Venetian general named Mora. His history resembles that of Shakespeare's hero in many particulars. Giraldo Cinthio, probably for better effect, made out of the name Mora, more, a blackamoor; and Shakespeare, unacquainted with the true story followed this old novelist's lead; and it was well he did so, for have we not in constanties of Moorish temperament ever conceived l' I he costumes worn by Salvini in this play are copied from those depicted in certain Venetian pierures of the fifteenth century in which several Moorish officers appear. It took him many years to master this role, and he assured me t enthusiasm.

I know of nothing more remarkable than the difbeen colleged to cut 'Othello' into six acts, and to been colleged to cut 'Othello' into six acts, and to make many changes in 'Hamlet.'"

The intensity of feeling with which he throws himself into the part he is representing was especially evident on the occasion of his playing Saul. After the performance I was invited to go bound the scenes to speak with him, and was sur-

Saul. After the performance I was invited to go beaind the scenes to speak with him, and was surprised as well as pained to find him utterly exhausted. I could not help saying, "How can you exert yourself thus to please so few people?" there were scarcely four hundred persons assembled to witness this sublime performance. He answered with honest simplicity, "They have paid their money, and are entitled to the best I can do for them; besides that, when I am on the stage, I forget the world and all that is in it, and live the character I represent." "You will," said I, "make a grand Lear." "Yes," he replied, "I himk I shall be able to make something out of the old king. I have been reading the tragedy for some time; but it will still take me two years to study it theroughly." Salvint related to me several anecdo es which show how quick he is to master any difficulties." Salvini related to me several anecdo es which show how quick he is to master any difficulties accident throws in his way. "Once I bought?" he said, "a play of a young writer, which I thought I could make something of; but when we came to remease it for the last time before representation, it seemed to me utterly unprofitable. The piece was called "La Saconatrice d'Arpa" ("The Harp Gri?"). The actors all said the last act was so stupid that we should make a filseo, it it last hit upon an idea. We had, however, only a few hours to execute it in. I changed the story; instead of the play ending happily, I made the

harp Gril is a twas so stopid that we should make a filses, is at less hit upon an idea. We had, however, only a few hours to execute it in. I changed the story; instead of the play ending happily, I made the tather kild his daughter accidentally, and then die of grief. All the daulogue had to be improvised by the leading actress and myself. I played the father, and Signora Pramouti the daughter. Such was the surcess of our invention that the precewast played eight hights in succession; and a rival actor, hearing of the triumph achieved by 'The Harp Girl,' bought from the author for a handsome sum the privilege of acting it in certain districts which were not included in my purchase of the frama. Not being aware of the arearations we had made, and performing it accordant by the letter of the text, he made in face of the fiberty of observing to Salvin that a superb piece of "business" which marks his afting in the last act was not to be found in the text, "Oo," he replied, "I will tell you the origin of it. I was playing at Naples, and one night when I threw the body of my mardered wife upon the ottoman in the last act, my burnouse fell of and fixed itself to my waist like a tait. I saw at once that if I was not case in I should provoke laughter, and instactly magned that I would preced to believe the clinging drapery was the wounded Z irie grassing me bajund. I appeared to dread even to look round, lest I should encounter her pallad face. I beattated, it tremoled; and when with a supreme effect in at last grasped the burnouse and cast it from m., I still lacked like courage to accertain what it really was, and stood shivering before the white leap it made

last grasped the burnouse and east it from me, I still hacked the contrage to ascertain what it really was, and stood shivering before the white heap it made mon the floor. Finally, just as I thought bubble curiosity to know what I was going to do began to grow weary. I steeped down, and seizing the white mantle dashed it from me with contempt, showing by the gesture that I had discovered what it was, and eit anger that such a trifle should thus alarm a bold man who had committed marder." This pantemine obtained for Salvint at the New-York Academy of Music one of his greatest ovations:

When asked why he did not learn English, "Ah?" he repised, "I am too old; and even if I musicred it, I could not control my knowledge of it. When excepted I should be lapsing into Italian, which would be very absurd. You asked me the other day why I do not play Orests. I should make a queer young Greek with an Apollo-like figure nowadays! The time was when I looked the part and acted it well, and then I liked to play it. I must leave it, with many other good rhings, to younger nea." Speaking about dramatic clocution, he said: "The best method is obtained by close observation of Nature, and above all by carnestness. If you may be the contest of the target may be sould be part and above all by earnestness. vation of Nature, and above all by earnestn vation of Nature, and above all by earnestness. If you can impress people with the conviction that you feel what you say, they will pardon many short-comings. And, above all, study, study, sindy! All the genius in the world will not help yen along with any art unless you become a hard student. It has taken me years to master a single part."

RICHARD SURTS, 1758-1805.—Suett having offended a certain coffee-house-lounger, the latter waited at the stage-door of Drury Lane to punish him. Not knowing his man, he accosted each person with, "Are you Suett?" Suett at last reached the door, soaked with the fast-falling rain. "Are you Suett?" said the insulted. "No, I'm dripping answered the actor.